



SiúlTURAS

Walkabout

Ollamh Bríán S. Mac Áon Innéirghe  
Dámsgoil Neamhádas na hÉirenn

Professor Brian G. Mc Enery

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Dámsgoil Neamhádas na hErend

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An Céad Cló 2013

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## ḂḂḂḂḂ

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michaelflaherty.net/](http://michaelflaherty.net/)

Thanks

I am grateful to Michael Flaherty of the Brandon Gallery for  
the use of his design on the cover of my book. It is a painting  
of **ḂḂḂḂ ḂḂḂ ḂḂ** close to **ḂḂ Ḃ ḂḂḂ** a place I call the  
eternal magical kingdom of my father. You can get more  
information of Michael's art from hiw website, [http://  
michaelflaherty.net/](http://michaelflaherty.net/)



## Don léigíteoir

AR LÁ MÉAN-SAMHRAID 2013 ċOSHAÍOS AR TURAS AR  
FUD CIARRAIDE, AR FEAD DEIC SEACTAINE NO NÍOS  
MÓ. BUAILEAS LE NA CUILE DAOINE AŽUS BÍ MORÁN  
SPRAOI EADRAINN. FUDRAS AMAċ MORÁN RUDÁI ATÁ  
LUAITHE ANSEO. RUDÁI FAOIMSE FÉIN, FAOIN BUACAILL  
ŠOINNEANTA, FAOI MO ċLANN AŽUS CÉ HÍAD. ċOSHAÍOS  
A SCRÍOB AŽUS IS É SEO AN CÉAD DUANHAIRE DE  
SEACTAR A SCRÍOS Ó 3Ú LUŽNASΑ ŽO DTÍ 21Ú SAMAIN.

## For the Reader

On Midsummers day 2013 I began on a journey around  
Kerry, for ten weeks or more. I met with many people and we  
had great fun. I found out many things which are mentioned  
here. Things about myself, about the innocent boy, about my  
family and who they were. I began writing and this is the first  
of seven collections written between 3rd August and 21  
November.

BRÍAN MAC ÁON INNÉIRŠċE  
RÍ SUADċ NA BFAIDċ

LÁ BREICHLÁ MO MÁCċAR MÁIRE  
21 SAMAIN 2013

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# Kerry Light

A darkened corner of my soul  
Drew breath and energy from life  
A living corpse was all I felt  
Stuck in single sorrow

Then slowly from my deepest heart  
There rose a single thought anew  
A gladdening from within myself  
A love I shared with you

Who has this voice within  
Why does the feeling flow  
When love surrounds us all the time  
And darkened embers grow

Come down to me you said  
Take up your pack and walk  
Come down and listen to your heart  
Let's pray and see the light

So off I travelled on my way  
A nervous faltering step  
Shackles carried on my back  
Did gradually loosen free

A top a mountain in the mist  
I dreamed of knowledge lost  
The great tradition I came to view  
Cú Rí, Cú Rí, to you

A place of magic in my mind  
Where light does shine within my soul  
The energy that you gave to me  
Fills all the world with splendour

The time it takes to see the light  
The time it takes to love  
The time to wander through my youth  
With messages from above

I thank you Dad for your last words  
I thank you for your time  
I thank you for the memories  
The darkened well to climb

And now returned I feel refreshed  
My soul with light anew  
A single thought was all it took  
A grumbling rumbling love

I love, I love, the whole wide world  
My heart is breaking free  
But most important was the thought  
'I really do love me'

# A Spiritual Warrior

A top the mountain of my soul  
I gaze with troubling face  
A vast and beautiful kingdom  
Dissolving modern pace

Slow down, slow down, and come within  
You are a hero to the world  
We fought great battles on this hill  
Echoes rumbling still

Just sing your song and lift your heart  
A symbol of great joy  
Remember once the tidings  
Of a gladdened innocent boy

These mountains you did leave a time  
To wander in the world  
But now your back with many tales  
Sorrowful

I'll wash the grace within your space  
And clean your heart anew  
So you can lead the human race  
To warrior's kingdom true

# Kingdom Come

There is a light which lights my soul  
A shadow cast by Heaven's glow  
Darkened times exposed a place  
Where secret joys do flourish

Forgotten for a time of life  
No nourishing prayers do flow  
But when the road seems endless  
I step aside to pray

A simple prayer is all I need  
A sweet memory of the boy  
Who wandered long in to this life  
Looking for Heaven

And now I know that Heaven's light  
Can shine again in me  
And help me to realise a dream  
To live this life a-free

To lead the prisoners from the cave  
To give them knowledge to be brave  
To hold with grace and joy enslave  
And show the way to Heaven's knave

So if your lost do not give up  
The time of light has come  
The twinkling forest of the night  
Will soon reveal a sight

A kingdom crowned with all of truth  
Full knowledge all of life  
A universal dream being made by man  
This time, to God's plan

For we are God's most precious child  
Creators of Heaven in the wild  
From nothing we can sprout a tree  
To grow the fruit to make us free

The time is ripe for such a thing  
A kingdom of knowledge to forge a ring  
Invincible life to one and all  
Beautiful fruits this time will fall

So know that Eden's not a tale  
But coming soon to you  
And Heaven's not a future place  
But our destiny, our human face

# Making Camp

Neer thirty years had passed in time  
I wandered to this place  
Good food for all us passers by  
A kindly human face

The school is out but still there is  
Great knowledge of the past  
With stories from the hill above  
It's time to break the fast

For Kerry talk is different  
With questions always asked  
Where 'r you from, who are you  
You settle in to chat

The nature of our being  
Does hunger for this life  
A country way not lost  
A beacon in the strife

Five days I stayed within the grasp  
Of my own spiritual home  
And wandered high in to the hills  
Remembering, I was not alone

For Mum and Dad had met down there  
And so began my life  
And beauty flourished in my heart  
This mountain did it's trick

Two nights of joy I spent up there  
Peeling back the years  
Fighting through the misty night  
Exposing personal tears

For weeping is a way to joy  
Once practised not too much  
Don't stay up here too long this time  
Move on to find the boy

For he still wanders in these hills  
His light comes shining through  
So then I left with spirits high  
And took a lasting view



I will return again some time  
And do the deed I planned  
Bring healing from this hero's place  
And teach to make a stand

T'was here that I began to feel  
The courage now to say  
That I'm the warrior king  
Returned to let you pray

Away, away, I've been so long  
Full tired, yet I feel so strong  
I thank the people that I met  
Kerry welcomes living yet

# Ῥίοβαίρε ἀη Ὅαζδα

Ὅο ἑάηας ἀηη le fonn  
Ceoil  
Ὅ'είστεας leat  
Τάις ἅ ἑή  
ἑεαῶτ is brí  
Ὅραοί

Ollam is ea tú  
Σαίοῶτ ἅ spréaz im érói  
Ὅραοί

Ῥυαίρεας τρεοίρ uaic  
ἑεαζάν ἡίος mó  
Ceoil is Ὅραοί  
Seinnt na síde

for Eoin Duignan

# Fear Sholuinne

Istigh i Tigh na Cuirte  
A buaileas leat  
Páidriş mac Páidí mac Páet an tÁiliúr  
led béas id éirí  
Ba breá liom suí  
An ceist a cuir tú orm  
Caint dúchais eadrainn  
Scéaltaí sonhraí  
Aéas im éirí  
Suí

# Tachyon Thinking

We think faster than the speed of light  
The solidity of nature is but a flight  
A fancy made in the mind of man  
Not according to Your plan

Within the dream we can awake  
A whole new world for us to make  
Beyond equations of solid time  
Our senses expose a beauty sublime

So delve within and find the truth  
The riches of the world to loot  
Not taking all, but giving all  
This palor of ignorance soon will fall

Computing beyond this realm of life  
Occam's razor cuts like a knife  
When all is said and done  
Blindness be gone

# loch a Dún

Up o'er the hill from Kilmore cross  
I travel to your story  
The stream does make a gushing sound  
My heart with memories abound  
'Twas long in years, with many tears  
Since I did pass this way  
But now I'm back, with a heavy sack  
And days with you to pray  
for my Dad

## Síðeríocht m'Àčair

ƧAR ceoil aη sruč A čuas aηη  
Istič i čroí m'Àčair  
Áit aη scéal is deiriní  
A scrí sé roimh A d'éas

ƧAR liom A dúirt sé lena A béal  
ƧAR liom is éist dom scéal  
ƧAR liom istič i uaimh do čroí  
Is éist liom glór A šní

Ƨrí lá im aonAR bíos aηη  
Ƨrí lá le suí is fonn  
Ƨrí lá A cuimheadh AR aη fear  
A bí mar dia dom domain

# Knowledge Lake

Around a lake deep in my heart  
Just like a saint I wander  
A naked man twelve hours of sun  
Glory to God of nature  
A way to pray come back to me  
My heart is lifting in this place  
Wonder fills my face

Then down across the bridge I go  
Tis time to travel on  
Continue with my pilgrimage  
To a source of love I know

My heart is bursting with a joy  
Not known since being a boy  
I'm on my way, my merry way  
Just simply walk and pray

My sack it was not great at all  
It ripped and out my gear did fall  
For God's sake, time to take a break  
And leave this ancient knowledge lake

Back in to where I spent my youth  
A town that's lost and become uncouth  
What folly did the planners do  
Killing the commercial heart of Tralee

No matter, we will build a life  
Designed with knowledge  
Lost and found  
Deep in the heart of Kerry

# Winter Milk

With eyes of wonder, looking down  
A horse clops softly through the snow  
A brown trap laden  
A man with a ladle  
Fresh milk does smoothly flow

Wide eyed with wonder  
My young eyes record  
A memory  
A time when life was simple  
Silent flakes flowing  
From the sky

Now, all of this seems lost  
As I sit here in the Square  
I ponder  
The cost of progress  
The loss of simplicity

Perhaps nothing has changed  
Just my aged perception  
Makes it so

The children I see dancing  
Around Tralee  
Play uncomplicated games  
Bubbling with life  
Rich with the energy  
Of nature's  
Most bountiful flow



# Flower Girls

Petals grow for you to throw  
And proclaim the virgin Queen  
Innocence displayed in white  
Our lives not yet entwined

Rose petals are a special favourite  
Beware of thorns  
But that's your choice  
Everything in life gives us two

Her son was crowned with thorns  
A cruel joke  
Yoked like an ox  
He carried the cross for us

Let us once again pursue  
A path of pure knowledge  
Love the earth  
And create Heaven

## Teaċt an Rí

Ar bruaċ na habáinn  
Cois droichead an leamain  
Do fuaireas loistín don óice  
I seomra an-breá  
Le feiscint an-deá  
'S leaba boḡ corp dom a luí

Amac dom cun béille  
Cur tús leis an féille  
I mbialann séipéil a bíos  
Ansan don an tairbhe  
Caint dúcais ḡan báirne  
Á ligint isteaċ na síde

Rí draoí a bíos  
Le daoine ḡan fíos  
Tabaċt is stair ár dtír  
Ón iseal a bíodar  
ḡealḡaireaċ ḡo sodar  
A ceiliurað Rí ḡadair an Sliab

Ansan le dea-focail  
Toshaíos dom oscail  
An scéal faoi carað m'ac̃ar  
A bhrían an ea sin tú  
'S cuimhin liom, fiú  
Níor aic̃nís mé lán le dod féasós

Sin tús don cruinniú  
Na daoine á bailiú  
Arð Rí is é réið é a teaċt  
Beic̃ foigne le linn  
An blian seo aḡáinn  
Tiocaid̃ do ceiliurað mílaoise

# Women's Touch

Ladies light the way of life  
A soft smile quickens my heart  
I feel alive again under your gaze  
The shy boy returned  
In the body of a man

But you give me courage  
To heal my soul  
To dream a wonder into existence  
To bring forth true reality

I thank you all for your gaze  
I thank you  
For being such beautiful creatures  
For lifting my heart from sleep

Deep in my heart I know  
The time has come to bend  
My will to true power  
And serve all  
Honour all  
Love all

for Maria

# Tears for a Hero

A drop flows gently from my eye  
My heart sunders at his memory  
The days we spent digging for lug  
Casting far into the deep ocean  
Great days of joy long gone now  
Our family camped at the back of Rossbeigh  
All lost now in this prison Ireland  
Rule upon rule thought up by plodders  
No dream will be born on this beach  
No fruit of silent nights to fuel the imagination  
What are we doing to our beautiful island  
What are we doing to our beautiful people  
Enclosing public space with tangled threads of EU law  
Release us from this maw  
You give me the courage to stand  
And straddle the crack which brings such desolation  
The fallacy of democracy which never existed  
Except like now for a select and wealthy few  
The blinkers of politics robs us of our sight  
The chance to truly see and be completely free  
The tear runs down my face with joy

## ΤΙΡ ΗΔ ΗÓΣ

Σίδε γαιοίτ, σίδε γαιοίτ Δ τεάττ δομ campΔ  
Δ λυί ΔΡ cúl Δη τρά  
Δ φειτειαη leis Δη λατΔιρ άη  
Μο γαιςce é τοςú

Δύτρίοττ, δύτρίοττ Δ spreadσΔð  
I ΔηΔη úΡ άΡ δτίρ  
'S ceoil ó neΔη Δ cloisint  
le γáire in άΡ γcroί

Τάηη ciúin i lÁR Δη γαιοίτε  
ΜΔΡ treoir dúinn τά le τεάττ  
Δτρύ mÓR άΡ saol  
'S maireΔττ é γΔη baol

Deit φοiγin cun é le τεάττ  
Τά muid ΔΡ Δον le céille  
Spraoί άΡ γcroί γο suΔintisί  
'S leΔΔ in Δ λυί

# High Hill in Wales

Climbing high upon a ridge  
I gaze down from aloft  
Fear grips my heart at the narrowing sight  
The great mountain looms ahead  
Ice covered falls gush from atop  
Cramponed ice picks bring us in  
To the world of winter  
Fear dissolves with joy  
High up in this fort of snow  
A railroad to the top  
For gentler folk  
Crossing Crib Goch is a challenge  
To remember

## AR TAOB AN BÉALAÍ

AR béalaí dom ón baile  
Tá Ríde nua ceapaithe acu  
Buailteas isteach i tíg an sionnái  
Sreim le níce d'fáil  
Amác ón doras a súig mé  
Cuairteoirí a bailiú cuimniú  
Fear an-fear dúcaí  
Cuir caint orm  
Siob seab Saolúinne Béarla  
Faoin saol  
Beirt ar a béalaí féin  
Teacht le céille le caidreíl  
Páidriú ó leathaoibh  
A ainm  
Fear laidir cheasta  
le suí in a croí

# Wherein Lies the Truth

These words are but a poor reflection of intended thoughts  
Teasing a meaning spread in time  
Continuous phonemes in a line  
Linear thinking destroys comprehension  
Intended actions never occur in sequence  
Meaning grows in the soul from silent impulses  
Waves of bliss bubbling to greater expression  
Singing the joys of Heaven  
Till all resolved we settle again to dream



# The King of Freedom

Dreaming deep within his soul  
The king rises to his role  
To capture from those grimy hands  
A beautiful people and beautiful lands  
To return again a sense of power  
That too much babbling has since turned sour  
And lead his people to a better place  
With bright eyes shining and smiling face  
The dark clouds still have their play  
But herald a lighting of the day  
The time is nigh  
Your ready now to greet me  
And together we'll be free

## A Good Start

A line, a line, I give to thee  
To lift my spirit and fill my soul  
You give me impulses in my heart  
A bubbling reality

This sense of joy is dear to me  
Clarity returns  
The veil drops from my eye  
My head turns towards truth

The search is over now for me  
A long road was my way  
Now to teach from deep within  
And bring to light your beauty

# Calming the Storm

The salmon leaps upon the shore  
Giving life to your great love  
The players gather in the mist  
A storm is brewing, the ship does list  
A man of magic calls his girl  
And dreams of memory do outward swirl  
Then nature's spirit prances forth  
A plot is hatched to brek the court  
We're led in to a brilliant mind  
Compassion of the finest kind  
The last great dream of England's bard  
A living memory that life's not hard  
Emotions gushing on the isle  
Bring tears of joy to those that smile  
The sea is calmed, the storm has gone  
It's time for us to travel on  
This journey through our life we make  
Meeting friends for Heaven's sake  
All trials are but a blessing  
A gift to bring forth Your indulgence

for St. John's Mill Theatre Company  
in memory of their wonderful performance of The  
Tempest at BallyKissane Pier

## AN BÓCHAR NAOMHAC

buaileas mo campa ar maidean álainn  
Ar cúl an trá Ros Déite  
Isteac ansin don tíg aisteoirí  
Dom dán a scríos aicrí  
D'éis cupán tae 's cainte an lae  
D'inis doib mo rann  
Ansan caidréil 's buíochas  
D'éirigh mé orm treo  
A luiḡ so trom mo aonaras  
A smaoineamh arn comluadar  
An tabaíct a beic mar dream  
A breá a beic an craic  
Amac ó Tíg an Áis  
Bí bailiú daoine ann  
Fear a déanamh rocháioct  
Tar imeall clár ár dtír  
Isteac i gcomhrá eile  
Siob seab faoi cuile den saol  
Fear eile ar an bealach  
An bealach marm féin  
D'fhanas ann ar feadh  
As éist is insint scéal  
As déanamh carað nua  
le Ciarán Corcaíoc ón ḡrá  
A scairt linn ón ar scéille  
Cuas teas ar bochar na sléibhe  
Isteac so gleann na Déite  
A cuimneamh ar na daoine  
A buaileas leo deanaí  
Anois cé bfuil mé aon  
Táim cinnte de anois  
Tá dream na nDútoilreaқта bailiú  
D'ár tógra é tosú

# A Prayer to Mother Goddess

Oh! Danu my love the queen of my dreams  
Your body does follow the flow of the land  
Your form is so gentle it captures my soul  
And keeps me in Heaven wherever I am

Right now by this lake I'm safe in your arms  
With cliffs all about and mist rolling down  
The view is of Heaven and Earth both combined  
So gentle your grace brings tears to mine eyes

I pray for our people  
To learn that they own their own destiny  
To learn that they own total knowledge  
To learn that they own the right to peace and freedom  
To learn that they own the right to true happiness

I pray to thee most illustrious goddess  
I pray to thee for the strength to lead  
I pray to thee for the knowledge to heal  
I pray to thee for my love to grow  
To encompass all

# Healing Chant

Misty morning and the mountains reverberate  
With the cry of a raven  
A man emerges from his tent  
And begins to chant  
His intentions reflect and rebound  
A thousand thousand times  
Echoing back to the progenitors of his tongue  
His clan remembers and are glad  
And lift his soul  
Then quietly he packs up his tent  
Satisfied that the healing will come

# Soul Work

To be loved is true  
To love yourself is your due  
Difficult at times to attain  
Because of that stain  
We all carry within

Cleaning out the soul  
Is a worthy role  
A job which takes time  
Sometimes innocence to mime  
If not attained then pretend

Fool the habit of judgement  
Until bliss is Heaven sent  
Then it becomes deeply felt  
And all sorrows slowly melt  
The soul rises in joy

# A Call to Change

Egypt in flames and no one cares  
Government has become the enemy of their own people  
Peckish rogues in polished suites  
Rule from above  
Looking down they chant and frown  
Democracy is dead  
People are bled  
For profit, by global disorganisers  
Divide and conquer, cut out their heart  
We're safe with our peckish words  
It all started in the laboratory of Ireland's conflict  
Let Us take the responsibility to change  
And bring peace to the whole world



# Looping Journeys

A familiar face stands outside a shop  
From Clahane to Killarney our paths diverged  
Ken visited Dún Aengus on Aran  
I tripped to the Blaskets  
Island folk now  
Quick words  
Then off again  
Looping through life

# Knowledge Revolution

Within, within, within a faltering world  
Conflict bubbles and boils  
Contradicting tendencies expressed  
The old guard have the power  
Traditional means to suppress  
Evolution now called revolution  
But I sense a change of phase  
Consciousness is awakening and spreading it's wings  
Sing the praise of s new world  
A world of individual sovereignty  
A world where shackled domination  
Is replaced by the harmony of pure knowledge

## A Fool's Day

Atop the mountain on the reek  
The grey place was our ascent  
Led by a warrior full of local lore  
We stayed a little while to survey  
From Ireland's highest point  
Stories to tell of the invasion  
Lines to recite, Ameregin's invocation  
Dual language, the old and the new  
Then down the ladder back to hell

# Dreaming in Heaven

Clarity lives in a dream  
Lucidity in the stream of consciousness  
Which flows from below  
The inner impulse of our soul  
Pulsing with knowledge  
Vibrating within itself, the joy of Heaven  
For we are already in paradise  
Although at times it may not feel so  
Just new unexpected territory to explore  
Uncertainty is always a challenge  
But opens the way for our dreams

## lÁ Δοναc̃ ηειδίν

βαιλcισί á díol αρ τaob̃ ηα sráide  
Cαpaill, siciní is beičí  
Caidréil i measc ηα ηδαoine  
Ceoil, caint, craic is baisteac̃  
baisteac̃ trom Ciarraidẽ čeas  
Ar ais arís is aičeañtas curč̃a orm  
I tíg̃ τaḃair̃ne g̃aelac̃  
Tíg̃ Ó Mačuna  
Is doib̃inñ é beič̃ i measc  
Ḍaoine dúc̃asac̃, g̃añ ár̃d̃ g̃añ íseal  
Caint̃ faoĩ feasós̃ feasã ηα síde

## After the Fair

Morning light suffuses multicoloured houses  
The fair day is done but people still linger  
To chat, to banter, maybe even to barter  
Their few belongings  
Most have moved on, but I loiter  
Another day. a wash day  
The weather has cleared, thank God  
Yesterday, fair day was a sod  
Typical Irish Summer

The talk is about the weather  
Foreign accents suppress our natural acceptance  
Of life in Kenmare

# Gold Foretold

Spreading the light is my role now  
Enlivening the spirit of our people  
To know, that  
Although dark clouds loom  
They are tinged with the gold  
Of a fresh dawn

Not all can see this gold  
Not all believe in this dawn  
Preferring to linger in darkness  
But for many, a great many  
Their vision is clearing  
And look forward to  
The golden light

# Kenmare Gathering

Heading down to Kenmare town  
we gathered from afar  
A greeting we'd all had before  
a chat in Murphy's bar  
With talk of fishing, poaching too  
we conjured up a stew  
Friendships easily made  
and faces that we knew

Then deep within our native tongue  
we chanced upon a theme  
An island race moved out of place  
Dublin's follied scheme  
A book of pictures showed it all  
with happy smiling faces  
The magic island of our tongue  
one of God's most beautiful places

'Tis time for food I said to Jim  
I must be getting on  
I'll fix you up with fish he said  
a luck I chance upon  
So down along the street we went  
into the Ocean Blue  
And then I sat and had a chat  
a bowl of chowder too

Now off again I'm on my way  
                                   up o'er the Priests Leap  
 With fondest memories of Kenmare town  
                                   nuggets for to keep  
 The road is long the mountains high  
                                   I'm heading towards the sky  
 A beautiful feeling in my heart  
                                   I'm learning how to fly

This journey it is doing it's part  
to lift my spirit heal my heart  
to be a human being again  
to be a real man  
to love myself with all my zeal  
to hear the bells of Heaven peel



## Ṣroí na Síde

Istiṣ im écroí tÁ solas  
laisir coille teo  
A ṣáire is a ṣroí liom  
Sásta a beic beo

Siṇ toraḏ é dom turas  
Siṇ toraḏ é dom cóir  
Siṇ toraḏ é dom siúileoid  
Siṇ toraḏ é dom saol

Anois aṣ iompar ualaḥ  
É trom aḥ mé le neart  
Cuile aṛṇ bealaḥ  
Cosán naomá dom

Táim anois a dul cun cuirnearán  
Is a iascaireacht arís  
Ar loḥ na mbreaca dearg  
An loḥ le ríde na síde

## Iomanaíocht an bÉARA

ċáinig mé isteach inné  
Fear siúil le mala mór  
'S fuairis loistín iontach ann  
Tigín ar taobh an bochar  
le béille maic is cúpla deoch  
Cuir Mícheál aiceantach orm  
Fear ón dúiche tosaigh mé  
Scéaltaí ó dTraíglí

ċíos ansan go tigín eile  
A éist le iad a sheinnt  
Ceoil ón dúchas is ceoil ear sáile  
Ba sam iad a éist  
Caint le Séamus éuas an énoic  
Duine de clann an bÉARA  
Beartaigh mé fanaic anso  
Óiche eile scic  
Cun feachaint ar an cluiche  
Is breá liom iomanaí

# Heaven Sent Falls

Tumbling through a furrowed channel  
Sound gushes with ease  
A thousand thousand years perhaps  
Heard lately by man

The water falls from on a height  
Bubbling blissfully  
To be it must be such a delight  
Continuously changing  
Continuously the same  
Continuously echoing the  
    rythms of it's eternal nature

We can dip ourselves in that stream  
And dream with it's eternity  
And so procure a little bit of Heaven

# Trees of Knowledge

The trees surround us with great care  
They speak to us within  
A message from a distant place  
A fluttering heartbeat of love

They echo nature's bounteous gift  
God's most wonderous charm  
Even in this modern world  
They fill us with great joy

Their knowledge of this world they store  
For walkers passing through  
A sense of peace and harmony  
They give to us for free

So get on down the Beara way  
And walk a while with us  
The peace within you it will grow  
Nature's eternal touch

# Be Brave my King

Don't create any barriers  
My soul whispers to me  
As I near my journey's end  
I yearn yet to be free

Old habits bond within  
And strangle my creation  
The desire to lift the crippling yoke  
That hampers our great nation

The time is right I say to me  
To lead the warrior's way  
Have courage in the acts you do  
And leadership display

A whole new world awakes in me  
Full knowledge's royal road  
Our kingdom we can make again  
To lead to Heaven's abode

Just talk and let the people hear  
The plans you have in store  
The time is nigh to celebrate  
Ireland's battle lore

Up near the royal enclosure  
The people talked of you  
The man who had the knowledge  
Our culture to renew

You heard the powerful echo  
Of that most ancient voice  
The time is fast approaching  
To act, you have no choice

Fear is just a feeling  
Designed to make you care  
With skill you act from knowledge true  
Consequences beyond compare

So rise my king and do your job  
Lead your people out  
From darkness to the creamy top  
Just have a pint of stout

For that's the way in Ireland  
We like to have the craic  
Let's take the civil servants  
And give them all the sack

# Magic Light

A wonderous light, an ancient light  
It is my dream for thee  
Pure light enfolding pure knowledge  
Driven by pure energy

On Dunmore head you lit the fire  
Your oblation it was heard  
It lifted all our spirits  
And consciousness it was stirred

To act with truth and beauty  
To give them knowledge pure  
To grow with such certainty  
That Heaven we'll ensure

For knowledge is the key to life  
It helps withstand the strife  
The entropy that's part of me  
Designed to make you see

The laws of nature are benign  
They love you all the time  
But your perception needs a light  
A wonderous brilliant white

So go within and find the source  
The source of all you know  
Then you will feel extraordinary  
With a magical inner glow

## Warrior Queen

I dream of thee, I long to see  
You as your made by God  
Your eyes they sparkle with a smile  
My hear you do beguile  
With beautiful poise you serve a pint  
And light a hidden flame  
Such beauty you do carry  
With elegance and grace  
A confidence I see in thee  
A warrior of our race



# The Blue Loo

Sitting down to do a bit  
Of business on my own  
To write a little in my book  
With seeds of knowledge sown

I came upon a little spot  
A pleasure to behold  
A jacks into a pool so blue  
NAMA would pursue

Then out the door I went again  
Mackrel fished from out the fen  
A chat with swallows in my mind  
'Tis great to be of human kind

## Roman Queen

The light shines in your eyes  
A light of Roman knowledge  
A simple thing that you bring  
A Cliara you are my friend  
A feeling grows between us  
Respect for our domain  
A warrior queen again I meet  
And so happy to greet

# Heaven Again

Yesterday I was convinced I was in Heaven  
Clare hurling past Limerick to an all Ireland final  
A few pints and chats  
An easy flow  
Friendship from the heart  
Easily made  
A drunken wasp skittering on the floor  
Washing away my Beamish  
Oh! how simple life can be

Today the last leg of my journey  
Up the Coomahola to  
Loch na mBreac Dearg  
To fish a little  
To pray a little  
To be in Heaven again

# Healing Our Country

The warriors gather in the glen  
An ancient sound resounds  
They chant with rhythm some healing lines  
Invincibility abounds

Out from their midst there comes a man  
Hereditary leader of his clan  
A proclamation there is made  
Echoes whisper in the glade

Full knowledge of this life he gives  
With hope and joy this day he starts  
Healing souls in all the land  
Integrating all our parts

## Εἰς Κοῖσιν καὶ ὁμίαν

Σὺ δειμὴν ἱστίῳ ἰ ἀνὰμ σλάν  
τὰ φοινσε φεασα βεο  
Ἄιτ ἀ ὁφυῖλ ἀη τεολας  
Κοῖσαδ ἐ ἀ κοσκ

λε σὴν ἀ κρυτὺ 'σεο 'νοῖς  
Ὁ ἀ ὁρεῖλ ἰομ κυρεῖλ ἀ ἑλβαῖρε  
Ὁ λοὸκράϊ δὺκασαῖ ἄρ ὁτίρ  
τὰρ ἰομ ἱστίῳ καὶ σίδε

τὰρ ἰομ σὺ ὁτί ἀη Ἄιτ κίῡν  
τὰρ ἰομ ἀ δέληλην μίῡν  
Ἀησαν βεῖδ μῡῖδ ἰη ἀη ἀ τσίρ  
ὁλοσκαδ σίοκάιν κοίρ

## SUAS AN MBÓČAR ARD

Istiġ arís i mbarr an ġleann  
A siúil čar an abann  
A čaint e daoine ó na háite  
A cuimneam iad a báite

Mo croí, mo croí a bfuil com saor  
Le eitilt éan na spéir  
Mo uallac a bí com trom  
Anois a eirí lom

Le cupán tae ón sean a sgoil  
Čuir fuinneam i mo čos  
D'eiríos arís don bočar ard  
Čar barr Com a čola

# Mountain Memory

Again the mountains call my name  
It echoes round the hills  
And in the darkness of the night  
A faint sound forms  
I climb out from my bag to go  
And listen to it more  
When low behold the sky lights up  
With full moon's brightening glow  
The darkened clouds are giving way  
A single star shines through  
The white mare pees out from it's lair  
And gladdens my peaceful heart  
Then pay respect to her I do  
And she thanks me with a smile  
Then back in to my tent  
I go and sleep the whole night through  
From early morn a new day born  
A fairy mist comes o'er the hill  
And pours from up on high  
Then out there peeps a little sun  
Promising a fair day  
And down I sit to meditate  
A thing that's nearly done  
'Tis forty years since I first came  
To this place with my Dad  
And twenty since I last did come  
Full up of vedic knowledge  
Now as I start to live again  
And see the way for sure  
I'm glad to come back  
Once again  
And think of thoughts so pure  
For mountains are a healing place  
They fill me all with grace  
The greatest church that I do love  
Sun beams brightening from above  
Then off to fish I do prepare  
And catch a little trout  
You're a keeper I say to him  
And cast a look about  
This is the place that we did meet  
A fierce and violent storm  
A memory of our last geat trip  
A memory of the end of youth

# Leaving the Past Behind

You have a very powerfull memory  
A man said once to me  
My former professor from Galway  
He knew me when I was younger  
Such a memory can be voracious  
It can eat you up  
Gobble up your emotions  
Continuously sap your physical, mental  
and spiritual energy  
Meditation helps to resolve it  
To integrate the past in to the present  
And thus prepare a way for  
A brighter future



# The Road to Freedom

Now down again from Heaven's glen  
I ponder what I've done  
The miles I've walked in to my mind  
The searching in my heart  
The joy at finding the innocent boy  
So he can play his part  
He's lived it all for fifty years  
Storing knowledge between his ears  
And now at last the time has come  
To share his view at least with some  
There are those who know the score  
This country's rotten to the core  
Politicians play a game  
But for who's in power it's all the same  
Mouthpieces for civil administrators  
Is all they are right now  
Suckling on a national sow  
Pigs eat their young  
Just as the state devours it's own people  
'Tis time to stand against this  
But using knowledge we can't miss  
So if your brave and strong like me  
Follow my road and we'll be free

for the Warriors

# To Accept a Challenge

Now I face a personal challenge  
To believe in myself  
To have no fear  
To lead with certainty  
    in these uncertain times  
To know that from which  
    all knowledge flows  
To open up the garden  
    of my mind  
To remind us all of  
    beauty  
The beauty of truth  
The beauty of freedom  
The beauty of a life  
    lived in harmony with nature

## CROÍ LÁR NA SÍDE

I SCROÍ LÁR NA SLÉIBTE  
I SCROÍ LÁR CIARRAÍDE  
I SCROÍ LÁR NA SLÉIBTE  
CÚAS ANH LE SUÍ  
I SCROÍ LÁR NA SLÉIBTE  
CÁNAS ANH MAR RÍDE  
I SCROÍ LÁR NA SLÉIBTE  
SLAOS AR NA SÍDE

CÚAS AS LOC A DÚN  
D'FANAS ANH AR FEAD  
CÚAS AS LOC A DÚN  
A CUIMNEAMH AR MO DEAD  
CÚAS AS LOC A DÚN  
BÍ AN SRIAN MAR ROČ SA SPÉIR  
I SCROÍ LÁR NA SLÉIBTE  
SAN PUTA SAOIČ SAN AÉIR

ANSAN SO GLEANN AN ÁRA  
TAOBH CUAID DE CHOC BHEANNÁN  
CÍOS AS BÁR AN AILLE  
CLOISIS AN CRÓNÁN  
I RIČ AN OÍCE DÓRČA  
CÚAS AMAČ LE FÁIL  
BHAON UISCE Ó AN SRUČAN  
BÍ TICIM ISTIŠ SAN UAIMH

I UAIMH MO CROÍ A BÍOS  
ROIH TAISTEAL ANH SAN FÍOS  
AN CREO DOM SAOL A ČOŠAD  
AC FONH DOM SAISC A ROŠAD  
D'ÉIS TRÍ LÁ FANAČT ANH  
BEARTAIŠ MÉ É  
LAOČRA DÚČAIS NA HĒREND  
A ÁČCRUČÚ DON TÍR

ANSAN DO LEANAS TURAS  
AR FUD AN CIARRAÍDE  
AS CAONAD DOS NA SÍDE  
AS LEANÚINT LE MO SUÍ  
ČÁINIŠ SOILSE SEAL DOM  
I LÁR DO MO CROÍ  
AS CUIMNEAMH AR MO ČLANN  
'S CÓIRÍOCHT AN RÍDE

AMRÁN DO ACADAMH NA SLÉIBTE CIARRAÍDE

## Secret Lover

Back again in Skibbereen we chat  
I was hoping to meet you  
I was yearning  
To tell you my news  
The fact that I have found  
The innocent boy  
Within myself he is there  
Smiling with joy  
Then last night we had such a beautiful chat  
True friends  
I won't mention your name  
But you know  
My secret dreams

for my Mystery Cat

## On the Road

The beauty of this life you know  
You loose your way  
Then find it  
Strangers on the road  
Don't judge you  
They tell you of your inner beauty  
They like to meet you  
To greet you  
As a long lost friend  
A brother, or sister  
On the road to Heaven  
So get out there  
And do your thing  
Travel your own road  
Deep happiness it will surely bring

# Mountain Grace

As I entered the village under Brandon  
I look for the house I stayed in  
Thirty nine years before  
A lifetime but also  
Just a fleeting glimpse

Time itself may have passed  
A little older  
No more a soldier  
Not of the national army  
But dreaming of a new army  
Dreaming of a warrior  
To once again bring Your plan  
to fruition

The seeds were sown here  
Seeds of knowledge  
Nurtured by time  
A carefully tended garden  
I could now feel in my soul  
I was becoming alive again  
The darkness was lifting  
As I looked up again  
At his craggy face  
Another great mountain  
Full of Heavenly grace

for Mount Brandon

# The God Calling from on High

A beautiful place  
God's own space  
The hostel under Brandon  
Sit down and rest  
Mary-Anne said to me  
Don't be too hard  
On yourself  
Take life with ease  
And the search will cease  
Just stay a little while  
Next door is a good spot too  
Good food, good craic, good chat  
'Twas here I met Tom  
A man of Brandon  
A real West Kerry welcome  
Although we just met  
We've known each other  
For a thousand years  
The tears melt from my soul  
I feel at home  
Under Crom's home

for Mary-Anne and Tom

## Oileán Feasa

TAR AMAĆ DON OILEÁN  
A DABDAIRT Connie liom  
NÍOR BFACA MUIÐ ÉÚ LE FADA  
BEIÐ MÉ AMAĆ DON SCÉALAÍOCT  
AC BEARTAIŞ MÉ TURAS NÍOS LÚ  
ÁIT A DIMSIÚ  
FÍOS A SÚ

oo Connie



# Daily Space

Out the back we daily track  
The cares of our whole world  
Daily decisions that we must make  
Inspiring actions to take  
Friends listen and chat  
Never, not once, a spat  
A virtuous space  
A comfortable place  
The Paragon of our dreams

for the Morning Philosophers

# Knowledge Emerges

The warriors gather in the deep  
Woods surround them  
A glen lies deep within  
Water thunders over the rock  
A man emerges from the pool  
Knowledge flowing  
A stream of knowledge lost  
Found again and remade  
Recast in modern form  
To storm the bastion of ignorance

for Mulinahassigh

# God's Delight

A river flows from the source of power  
A tower rises in the lake  
Knowledge tumbles through the void  
Bubbling bliss from nothing  
Created with desire  
The image of God  
Smiling on his creation

## Ḑún na Séad

Ḑanas an  
Ó báR an domán  
Don céad uair le mo bean  
An cailín alláin croí sealḡaireac  
A bíos posad leí  
Ansan nuair scair muid ón ar sceille  
D'fanas an ar dús  
le dia ḡarmána  
Fear criúil le táis suimiúl  
A eus an-spéis ionam  
Anois táim tríd an baile san  
Ar dcreo amac don Cléire  
Áit in a bfuil  
Ḣaoic na síde  
A séide i mo croí

oo Corsten

## Anam Bán

Bíos éíos i gCiarraíde ar feadh dá mí  
Ar siúil, ar ól is ar déanamh ceoil  
Ais caint le cuile daoine  
Baint taitneamh as dá aoine  
Anois ar bád as dúl go Cléire  
Fonn caint faoin Saoluinne déanamh  
Tá bád mo croí lán le spraoi  
Tá m'anam úr geal bán

# Searching the Sea

Who're you she smiles up at me  
As we scan the sea  
Searching for spouts  
Signalling the presence of  
Dolphins or whales  
Unfortunately none appear  
To greet and cheer  
A young ladies important date  
A day for candles to be blown  
Seeds of joy sown  
Eight lights to glint  
In a smiling face

for Freya

# A Journey For To Make

From Cape to Cape the birds do fly  
Why do they chirp at me  
I'm going to miss the sea  
But I must wander free  
Then on across the ocean  
With brightening emotion  
I'll travel where the cuckaburrough sings  
But I shall not forget  
The friends that I have met  
On Ciarans island

for Mary-Anne

# Holy Island

A morning light did soothe my brow  
As I lay back down on Cléire  
In again to feed my soul  
On Ireland's freedom island

'Tis here I find a human kind  
A fellowship of our race  
With time to banter, time to chat  
And friendliness display

A graceful living 's had out here  
With nature all around  
A glorious Heaven sent place  
A welcome you'll find too



## Fiseáin an Faid

Cé hé tú a dábairt bean liom  
I ngorc seal an mbaile  
'S mise Brían an Faid ar mé  
le solas ionam croí  
buaileas leí arís san óice  
'S fear i dteannta í  
páidriš é an fear sin leí  
'S cuir sé caint roimh mé  
A féadtar leat a siúil liomsa  
So sean áit ear an tír  
ba breá liom tairfeadh déanamh leat  
A caint faoi fuinneamh seal  
Ansan so dtí an gleann ríosda  
Cuamar an le céille  
'S mocháios criúir táis  
Na cloca tuaidh loc Reas  
'S comarcaí an grian  
Soilse teacht isteach im croí  
Soilse ionam saois  
leiríocht eashaocht an Faid

# Exposing Truth

Another beauty I do see  
A perfect match for me  
Graceful with a perfect back  
I'd love to get her in the sack

To attack the bankers in their den  
I need courage to say when  
Expressing emotions deeply felt  
Softening my heart my shyness melt

For honesty is a difficult thing  
Tuning the bells of truth to ring  
With soothing tone the daily chime  
My hearts desire expressed in rhyme

## Oileáin im Ćróí

Ó ċuaidġ mé aġġ i lár aġ saġġraġġ  
Ćuaidġ mé aġġ aġ áit ġon spraóí  
Ćuaidġ mé aġġ i lár aġ saġġraġġ  
Δ φαḡáċġ leis na síġe

Ćuas ar siúil ġo báR aġ oileáin  
Ćuas ar siúil aġ bóċar arġ  
Ćuas ar siúil ġo báR aġ oileáin  
Δ leaġúinġ le mo ġuí

Δnois aġáċ τaob ċall ġen τaġairne  
Δnois aġáċ aġ ġríaġ sa spēir  
Δnois aġáċ τaob ċall ġen τaġairne  
Δ moċú ġRá im ċróí

Ó ċuaidġ mé aġġ i lár aġ saġġraġġ  
Ćuaidġ mé aġġ aġ áit ġon spraóí  
Ćuaidġ mé aġġ i lár aġ saġġraġġ  
Δ φαḡáċġ leis na síġe

Δmḡrán oo Oileán Ćléire

## A Reason for Flight

I just saw the windhover  
Soaring majestically  
Heading towards the sun  
Of a sky blue day

These words may not justify his flight  
The ease with which he spreads his wings  
A prayer in flight  
My soul to delight

# Foinse im Ćroí

Δ ȝuí, Δ ȝuí im lár mo Ćroí  
Δ ȝuí ..., Δ ȝuí ...  
Δ mōćú fuinneam̃, fuinneam̃ mín  
Na síde ..., na síde ...  
Δn aimsir ciúin Δȝ teac̃t dom suí  
Δn ȝroí ..., Δn ȝroí ...  
Δnois tálm sásta beic̃t Δnseo  
lá buí ..., lá buí ...  
Δn ȝrian Δ tair̃neam̃ suas san spéir  
Δm laoĩde ..., Δm laoĩde ...  
Foinse feasa aimsic̃ dom  
Foinse feasa aimsic̃ dom

## Áit Tosú Dord

Tá na mban laoc a teacht cuşam  
D'aicniḡ iad mé ón ḡCionn M̃ARA  
ḡAoluinne iontaḡ acu  
Fonn acu m'ámránaíocht a cloisint  
Anois táim cinnte ḡo bfuillib an táim ceart  
Mar táim a fáil taicíocht ón nDútoilreácta  
Do fada an bealaḡ a bí é  
Ac tann turas ar deiread  
Aḡus bótar nua a ḡosáint  
Bótar do croí na spraoí

## A Blanket of Knowledge

Around the tables, out the front  
Trippers gather to feel  
Silence surrounding all our hearts  
The peace of our own soul  
A man from Cork smiles at me  
We share a little chat  
A wishing well he gives  
A respectful little pat  
With words of grace, he takes his place  
At our most joyous banquet  
And remembers the knowledge we do have  
A powerful cosy blanket

## Winking Mills

Looking out on to the land  
The fog does hide your form  
Offensive structures built on high  
Hiding our mythology  
Why do the build them in such places  
Destroying stories and graces  
I long to see you rise again  
And tell us your old stories  
For dreamtime is a way to sing  
And knowledge our fathers bring  
So dissappear from out my vision  
I say to you with much derision  
There is no need for you at all  
As energy costs will fall  
You are a false hope  
A new technology it will cope  
Derived from knowledge new to you  
But one I've found in mental stew  
Now you're gone out from my mind  
Thank you God, you are so kind



## Dul don Ceoil

ƧiAR óh ƧaingeAN cúAS éAll  
lá AN teiƧ is bíOS mAll  
StOPAS Ƨairið le fear NA Ƨcloc  
A feaƧáinƧ AR A ƧaOTHAR  
NíOR d'fANAS ANH le ƧAMall fADA  
MAR d'ÉAS A dhEAƧAR ARH lá roimh ré  
MoƧaíos uaighneas A teilgeað ó  
'S déiriƧ mé cun siúil

Do líOS éiOS AR ƧAOB AN bóƧAR  
NoimeaƧ sos A éOƧáinƧ  
éiƧ mo cAMPa ARH bóƧAR  
AƧ níOR rinne mé deARMað

IsteaƧ i CeANN ƧRÁ liom ANois  
A cúimheamh cúRSA SAimRAð  
NíOS mó NA dáiƧeað bliAN roimh é  
Nuair bíOS ANA óƧ

éiOS AR cúL AN ƧRÁ cúR mé  
Mo cAMPa ina luí  
ÁiƧ le fANaƧƧ óiƧe SAOR  
A feiƧeamh leis AN ceoil

# The War of Computation

It started in the Levant that grey white place  
Where he was sent to quell the teeth of snarling dogs of war  
He joined a loyal family of soldiers one and all  
And donned the blue beret to answer peace's royal call  
For peace it is a subtle thing not just an absent war  
But life lived fully bursting with energy and law  
The laws of nature do contain intelligence beyond compare  
From top to bottom our universe to ensnare  
While doing his job out in the Leb he began to feel unease  
The UN's just a failure politicians to please  
While in the East he travelled to one divided island  
And saw a city split apart by one partitioned wall  
He picked up in a Russian shop a book on quantum physics  
And another one on geometry Lobachevsky's grand design  
He stayed out there for two whole weeks and with his love did travel  
High upon the mountain peaks and to loves most blue lagoon  
Then back again to a golden den to a city by the sea  
A city then divided by religious factionary  
He went at once to where he knew that he would find a friend  
Observers on a mission the rules of war to bend  
Then off they trotted round the town to denzines of the deep  
And drank more beer and chatted their spirits for to keep  
For spirits of a soldier are very subtle things  
Especially when he is there right in the middle  
What actions shall we take right now so as not to make it worse  
Far removed from all we learned to develop the situation  
How do we act so as to stop a conflict bubbling up  
You give us lead with our guns  
But bullets will not do  
Projectile motion is the start  
Of conflicts pure technology  
But where's the start of peace's source  
What is the source of knowledge  
These questions he did ponder while on a little wander  
To countries in that area now mostly torn to shreds  
Directly South he travelled on incongruence place to see  
A suburb of New York by the Sea of Gallilee  
Then over that notorious bridge he crossed a sacred river  
And down in to the desert go to see the rosy stones aglow  
Deep in a gorge he rode a mule and emerged with stunning view  
A rock made city in the hills wonder his heart fills  
Back again to city large he met an Irish face  
With the most beautiful steak he ever ate a pleasure in this place  
Then on up North he did go to follow Roman treasure  
A legion road bespoke with ancient peasure

On, on, again he went up to a heavily guarded spot  
 Missiles pointing upward so to defend the sky  
 Another city he did meet a friend he knew from home  
 And out they went to walk the street some locals for to greet  
 But this was a most frightening place  
 And is more fearful now  
 With global forces fighting  
 A battle for the soul  
 Do not be fooled by those that ruled  
 They do not have the power  
 To solve a conflict situation  
 Their knowledge it's gone sour  
 He knows  
 But that was later  
 So back again he came to base  
 And did his final stint  
 And lead his soldiers on back home  
 And pondered  
 And pondered  
 And pondered  
 A month of sick leave was his due  
 To rest and heal his soul  
 So down to Kerry with a rod  
 And fishing he did go  
 To fish for bass along the beach is God's most precious gift  
 A healing balm, a healthy calm a vision in the mist  
 A vision on the beach he saw a truly wetted shirt  
 A pair of jugs did he behold  
 Emotions stirred he had to hold  
 His thoughts to check his mind  
 But love did flow a little later from a lady oh! so kind  
 Then back to work again he went and pondered his whole trip  
 'Tis pointless having peacemakers with weapons in their grip  
 It was the time of Greenham Common and nuclear war did loom  
 And calls for peace did bound around to lift us from our gloom  
 With politicians acting loud and saying that we must change  
 He got a book, an accounting, of global suicide  
 For that's the end if this starts off  
 There's no other tale to tell  
 We'll end the world and so regret our role  
 Then deeply during all that time  
 He thought of something else  
 The physics of the quantum state  
 The experiments double slit  
 If we can change the laws of nature  
 By pure intended thought  
 Then we can stop a bubbling war  
 We train a group of people to live their life so pure

That global peace and harmony for us they will ensure  
 He found at last a mission a goal in life to chase  
 A reason to be living a member of his race  
 To do this job I will pursue all knowledge old and new  
 And seek to find a source of peace, to honour our mankind  
 For two more years he served and lead a faltering military life  
 Questioning the doctrine which causes such a strife  
 He always stood alone in this but had to keep it hidden  
 For dissention in the officer corps brings attention most unbidden  
 But then by circumstance untold events of interest did unfold  
 He got a job to plan to become the information strategy man  
 But to know and follow his staff duty  
 He needed some more knowledge  
 To find a mission for the Army a document wherein to define  
 Instead he found a letter  
 Dated from his year of birth  
 When Hungary lay in ruins  
 War was coming  
 So the leader of our nation dictated to his people  
 Instructions for the preparation of  
 War books  
 A book for each department  
 For each of fifteen seats  
 To know what actions for to take  
 When iron birds roam the sky  
 But in the file he saw in there  
 No action did they take  
 They did not do their job at all and duty they forsake  
 This was a criminal act treason of the highest kind  
 And he took off to ponder  
 What to do  
 Down South of Cork he walked a while  
 A beautiful cliff face view  
 Seeking in himself  
 The energy to act  
 For he was scared most all the time  
 He had deep thoughts he couldn't mime  
 He could not hid emotion with jovial bright motion  
 Back home again he did return to face a military band  
 But after a while with typical style he was able to make a stand  
 His father he did ask him to write down what he felt  
 And slowly with a growing strength his anxiousness did melt  
 It took a while but there was good  
 His love returned to him  
 And after dinner late one night  
 He asked her to marry  
 The clouds still lit the darkened shore  
 But somehow life was brighter

Beginning now a life for two  
A whole new world to view  
Big changes in his life were made  
An opportunity arose  
From a commandant of engineers a question he did pose  
What is your plan to do right now where do you want to go  
There is a man that I know well  
Just go to him and talk  
In to the university he went and had a chat  
And lo behold a new page opened simple just like that  
Return to academia and study once again  
Take up the path of knowledge  
In what was a fair good college  
His army life was over but still held on reserve  
A small pension helped him on his way his savings to conserve  
So then began a journey deep in to computation  
A science and skill that he developed with most determined will  
For six long years he toiled and blew  
The cobwebs from his head  
And developed notions deep emotions  
Of knowledge true and true  
But gradually there came a time he questioned all this too  
There's something wrong with education it's not working for our nation  
The research he did so complete and become a doctor too  
Now with a son and father gone he had to turn inside  
He pondered once again the role he had elected to do  
Then world events did intervene and force him to come clean  
I can no longer be part of this computational war  
No matter seeming small  
For I have made a pladge he said  
I pledged to find a way  
To use my knowledge for the good of all  
Let true peace have its day  
To ponder this and other things  
He travelled way down west  
And stayed a while in the Standing Stone  
And found a knowledge bone  
A source of knowledge he knew at once  
Was intimate to him  
A way to go beyond all things  
To feelings deep within  
Before he took the final first step  
He walked upon a hill  
He prayed for guidance in his way  
Luckily letting God have his say  
For God will give us all we need  
If we just listen to our heart  
Let Him arrange the universe we just do our part

A special day it was for him when he did learn to pray  
 The purest form of prayer it is a mantra for to say  
 Immediately he entered a realm hidden just below  
 Daily considerations light up with softening glow  
 His mind it cleared  
 Immediately  
 And friendliness did grow  
 A chat was all it took to know  
 That his dad approved  
 A message from heaven is a rare and precious thing  
 He could hear the angels sing  
 So once again a new door opened  
 A door to vedic knowledge  
 Found in a place way down West Cork  
 A place of stone knowledge  
 Then some weeks later he had a chance  
 To go and see it all  
 To meet with experts in the field of conscious computation  
 These were people who'd spent much time  
 Deep, deep, in meditation  
 And yet knew all there was to know of modern computation  
 I want the knowledge that they have the realisation dawned  
 And so began a new phase a knowledge search was spawned  
 The college he did leave within a month or two  
 And set upon his research  
 With energy unending  
 A year or two did then pass by  
 When over in England he learned to fly  
 He picked upon two little books on national computation  
 Two little books which showed the way  
 To smile in a mathematical play  
 And lift the deadly fear which gives rise to many a tear  
 Again he sat and did his sums  
 Being seven once again  
 And slowly felt the arrogance of academic ignorance thaw  
 Some more time passed with study some time with research too  
 When once again there was a chance deep knowledge to imbue  
 A full moon day does always play a homage to the master  
 And once a year it's very clear  
 To all who hold him dear  
 That we must gather and share the joy  
 Light a candle, ring a bell  
 And wait for knowledge he will tell  
 At such a time it did chime  
 And awaken in his soul  
 A glowing blissful feeling  
 Full armed with this he returned again to his beloved nation  
 And sought a way to once again develop computation

With guidance from a special place the chance arose to grow  
 And spend some time in life sublime deep with those who know  
 A college in the shire of Bedford was such a towering place  
 Full of beautiful people a credit to our race  
 They worked on visual forms to show  
 How knowledge does emerge  
 From deep within a field complete  
 A diversity to bring  
 For all is one and one is all  
 That is the truth absolute  
 All perceptions reveal God's plan  
 For we are God's eyes his most precious toy  
 And though diverse opinions there seem to be  
 When consciousness is united  
 All dissolves into the sea  
 Of pure knowledge  
 Knowing this  
 Knowing a way to resolve the computational war  
 He began to move again  
 To return and set it up in his own country  
 He was also armed with a desire  
 To remove the rust from his native tongue  
 At the beginning of a new school year intentions were made clear  
 To once again arrange a curriculum to change  
 The fundamental aspect of basic education  
 A radio announcement made clear by its pronouncement  
 That an opportunity was brightening the sky  
 So after a quick call to a friend with knowledge all  
 Right in the city centre he did fly  
 A cup of coffee later for he was no debater  
 The project Simple Sums it took it's form  
 A simple thing to start and he to do his part  
 And resolve the current difficulties that arose  
 When children do not learn the friends that they can make  
 With numbers and the processes of play  
 When all is far to serious  
 To certain not mysterious  
 And boredom sets the smiling lips to frown  
 This is the fallacy of modern education  
 Engender fear rather than love  
 Force the mind rather than encourage it from above  
 Convince them that they are wrong  
 Rather than enlivening the song of superfluid flow  
 Sow the seeds of ignorance  
 This is the avowed policy of our Department of Ignorance  
 So for six long months he talked to show  
 The way arithmetic should go  
 Then as arranged he met inspectors two

And presented his perspective on the zoo  
 Of numbers and techniques  
 The keys to opening bright eyes  
 And thus began a battle with forces of conservation  
 Ignorance personified in form  
 To change was not their way  
 Let judgement have its say  
 We hold the reigns of power and you we will devour  
 So go away and leave us all alone  
 But he did hold his fire and from the field retire  
 To plan a long term strategy for his force  
 For though they numbered few with open minds they knew  
 Their energy would flow into the world  
 And recreate a state  
 Of educational grace  
 The technology was there now  
 To create electronic books  
 And lift ignorance from their looks  
 But funding was a problem  
 A problem to be resolved  
 And so a third member of the team was so encouraged  
 A man of business knowledge  
 Who could guide and support  
 The endeavour to resolve the growing crisis  
 It was plain for all to see  
 That then current powers that be  
 Were completely ignorant of the damage  
 They were inflicting on  
 Computational education  
 Small minds grew weeds in the garden of knowledge  
 Aided by those in university college  
 The arrogance of academia spread out and multiplied like cancer  
 With no apparent cure  
 He had it  
 But he could only bring a horse to water  
 Also at this time another path did chime  
 A feeling of great knowledge in his heart  
 He began to learn again  
 His beloved native tongue  
 And quickly did festoon himself with joy  
 He developed a technique  
 To give a real quick peek  
 At physics deepest secrets in a way  
 That made a way unique  
 To use his native sounds  
 And conjure quantum knowledge love abounds  
 It opened a new era for exploration and research  
 A really new endeavour to explore



He was happy with his progress  
 And settled in for the long haul  
 A new millenium was dawning  
 He worked and talked and demonstrated  
 Animations from his mind  
 To create a way to knowledge new of kind  
 But still the blinkered mind of those who had the power  
 Turned well intended actions stale and sour  
 Ego's born of arrogance  
 Belittled all his efforts  
 But he had strength of character to endure  
 He knew there'd come a time when he'd express in rhyme  
 The thoughts that kept hoim going in the night  
 And he would challenge them  
 Those cowards of knowledge  
 To come out and so debate the truth of all  
 A challenge he did issue to academic council  
 But they hid behind their professorial garb  
 He fired off a shot just a tiny little barb  
 And it hit the nail right on it's ugly head  
 He'd frightened them he knew  
 To get off their arrogant chairs  
 To give up their haughty airs  
 And open themselves up to simplicity  
 For complexity's just a state  
 Of a fragmented mind  
 One that's clearly not in touch with true reality  
 For underlying it all  
 Is a simple simple find  
 A single source of all that knowledge flows  
 Diverse it may appear  
 When vision is unclear  
 But knowledge is the truest source of all  
 The purest source of knowledge, allows  
 Simplicity and complexity to co-exist  
 Unity and diversity to cohabit the same awareness  
 So on the battle raged  
 But he did get support  
 From those who weren't blinkered by their jobs  
 Opportunities arose, to find a peaceful place,  
     and talk about his thoughts, with charm and grace  
 Rare they were at times  
 But fun was had by all  
 When he cleared the smoke and pall, of education  
 Some could clearly see  
 His bountiful simplicity  
 The value it would give to one and all  
 But others chose to hide, in cavern deep and wide

Preferring to ignore his little light  
From a great height, he proclaimed his intentions  
To banish ignorance once and for all  
A job not to tall  
For a hero  
A true warrior of knowledge  
Now he sits alone  
Waiting for to start  
A plan of action fermented for long time  
The challenges that he met did not weaken him  
He has renewed his strength  
And knows that now's the time to bring it out  
The talks of computation and global information  
And problems he predicted years before  
In a letter to that minister  
When Simple Sums began  
And he warned of the folly of their plan  
For he could see the future  
Just like his dad before  
Who predicted war to come from out the tunnel  
He was a soldier too and knew that it was true  
That pure knowledge, pure light, the pure energy  
    of tachyon based mental computation  
Could unfold the peace of heaven

## AR TÓIR DÚDAIREAMHÍOCT DOGALTA

ƧOSHAÍŠ É ANN LÁ A ƧUAS DON AGALLAMH  
DAGTA MAR OIFIGEAC SAN AIRM  
ƧUIR DUINE DE NA HOIFÍŠÍ CEIST ORM  
CÉN CAOÍ A BŢUIL SPÉIS AGAT  
EOLAÍOCT  
D'ŢREAGAR MÉ AN TABACŢ A BÍ SAN EOLAS  
COMŢEANGAL IDIR EOLAS IS AN COŠAD  
FORBART I DTREÓ AMÁIN  
FORBART I DTREÓ EILE  
IN NASC EACARŢA LE CÉILE  
ANSAN NUAIR A ƧUAS ISTEAC SAN AIRM  
BÍOS A LEAMH IRISLEABAR EOLAÍOCTA  
A FÉACAINŢ AR NA REALŢ  
DOM OIDIÚ FAOI NA TEOIRIC  
NUAEOLAÍOCT DON AIMSIR SAN AIMSÍÚ  
ŠAC MÍ A BŢUAIRIS CÓPI DO SMAOINŢÍ EILE  
MO MEÓIN A LEACŢÚ AMAŢ ŠO FAIRSING  
A MUINEAD É DOM FÉIN  
IS A BREACŢÚ AN RÉAD  
RÉAD AN EOLAS MÓR A BÍ SAN SAOL  
ANSAN DO ƧUAS ƧALL DO OLLŠGOIL ŠAILLIMH  
IS ƧOSHAÍOS DOM CÉIM É A DÉANAMH  
ŠTAIDÉIR DEIMHIN IS ŠTAIDÉIR ÁRD  
LE DREAM DE MACLEINN ÍONTAC  
I MO ƧEANNŢA  
MISE LE MO CAIPÍN IS CULAIŢE EADAIŠ MÍLEATA  
'S IAD LE ŠRUAIŠ A ƧITIM AR A ŠUALAINN  
DO LEANAS ANN MAR CARAD  
DON FAD A BÍOMAR ANN  
AG ƧAINŢ FAOI AN TEOLAS BÍOMAR LÉAMH  
AG DEIREAD ƧÍOR AN CÚRSA  
BÍOS BEAGŢAC IM AONAR  
AN DUINE BÍ DLÚŢ DÍLIS DON TÓIR  
SAN BLIAN AB DEIRINÍ  
BÍ LEACŢ AGAM IM AONAR  
SAN MAITEAMATIC FÍSICE IS MÓ  
AC BAINIS ANA ƧAIŢNEAMH  
AS NA HABAR BÍ ƧUR ROMAM  
IS DÉIRÍŠ MÉ DOM CÉIM A BAINŢ AMAŢ  
ANSAN D'ŢILLEAS 'RÁIS  
DON AIRM É I ŠCEART  
ƧUN DUALŠAS DOM DAONRA É A DÉANAMH  
ƧUAS AR BÁR ÁR DTÍR  
D'ŢANAS ANN LE BLIAN  
I DÚN NA NŠALL BÍOS ANN

Aς déanaí obair mileata  
 Aς cosaint an dtír  
 Ó ácrann bí éart an líne  
 Blían an spraiúil le obair criúil  
 A cosaint síodcháin an stáit  
 Ac bí fonn asam filleadh  
 Ar ais an cóir  
 Eolas a bí istig im croí  
 Agus cuais mé teas  
 Do shilleam lán le meas  
 Beart don blían úr é pleanáil  
 le comairle ó m'ollam  
 D'fuaras treoír eile  
 Staidéir a leanúint san acadam  
 Cuas do mbleá Cliaic a d'iompaig mé ansin  
 Cúin tuas a cur le staidéir i trionóide  
 Cúrsa tuisde shaiscíocht is aireamhaíocht le céile  
 Is ríomhaireacht i dteannta leo  
 Ansan do choshaíos an cóir ab cóir dom saol  
 An cóir a bí im croí ar faoið mo mhaireacht  
 Óice iontaic an  
 Is mise é le fonn  
 Fáisnéis teicneolaíochta é a foglam  
 D'fhanas an ar fad óice sin go léir  
 I domhan eile aic san aon treoír  
 Ac leas na leabair  
 Agus déirig é dom spréas  
 Fuinneamh nua im lár dom anam  
 Mochaíos mé é  
 Agus leanas leis an plé  
 Ábair nua deaclar  
 Dom féin  
 Bíos bróid beic an  
 San coláiste sin samall  
 Aς léam is a déanaí mór staidéir  
 'S déirig mé dom tuisde  
 É a críochnú  
 Is dreapað an céim a baint amac  
 Ar ais arís don airm  
 Mar oifigeac taisceadh  
 D'bainis sult ón tám a bíos  
 Lár i Inse Cóir  
 Na hóice cuas an don tabairne  
 Iontaic Ó Rían  
 Áic a raib mé bailcisí don píob  
 Buailéas le mo carað  
 Seanán ab ainm dó  
 'S buailéas leis an cailín a bíos le posadh

Is teac san ullord bíos  
 An draíocht tarraiñt liom  
 Is í a feiceam̃ cun ár deac̃t  
 Cúin deoc a bualađ linn  
 Ar feađ dá blian d'fañas ann  
 'S spraoí a leiriú lár dom ceann  
 A déanam̃ beađán taid̃e  
 A déanam̃ beađán ól  
 Ó bun an gloinne taid̃anné  
 Spré  
 Spriouíl eolas criouíl  
 Ansan do ceas cuas an tír  
 Cuas do Dún Deađan  
 Deireađ seac̃taine ioñac̃  
 le Connie ó Tiobraid Áireann  
 Tar amac̃ do deoc̃  
 A dađair̃t sé linn  
 'S muid a fañac̃t leis  
 Ar deireađ an oíce, oíce ioñac̃  
 Bí na síde linn  
 Trí oifigeac̃ airm an tír  
 Is dá réiđ buac̃aillí  
 Ar méis i lár na hóice  
 Šan put̃a smaoineam̃ eađar̃cú  
 Ansan do bođas ann  
 Ađrú eile dom šaol  
 Ađ obair ar an líne  
 Arís  
 Bíos ann ar feađ dá blian  
 Blian ioñac̃ trína céile  
 Áit a múinead̃ dom̃sa  
 An airm beic̃ i gcearc̃  
 Cuas ear̃a sáille ón áit sin  
 Scéal tá insint dom ríom̃  
 Ađus cíos don mbleá a cuaiđ  
 Mé ann do Árd Ceac̃rú don Airm  
 Níor breá liom an áit sin  
 Mar bí sé scoilte díreac̃  
 Daoine caint faoi truaill̃eac̃  
 Šan eolas in a ceann  
 D'éiriđ mé as ar feađ trí lá  
 Cum ceann a cur le céile  
 I gCion tšáile a bíos ann  
 Na haill a cur cun feille  
 Ansan ar ais don airm  
 Cúin feac̃aint cad a ear̃la  
 M'ac̃ar insint dom caic̃fiđ mé a filleađ  
 Ar bórd an treaín don mbleá

A cuimneamh ar mo tóir  
D'éirigh fuinneamh ionnamhsa  
Mo bealaí féin  
Isteall don áit a tionsaíos  
Don tóir  
Tá cuille seo den scéalasam fós  
Ais ar ais é lá éigin  
Ach tá pointe ar an mbórd asam  
Ais ar ais mé imeall

## Soul Mary

Last night I talked with once again  
A lady of much craic  
A lady rich with native tongue  
With laughter bursting through  
I'll walk with you way out west  
Dont start to early we need a rest  
You're on you way, your own way  
A pilgrimage to make  
Your soul to remake

for Mary O Leary

## Féile Ceiliurad̃ Páidí

Toshaíonn é leis An Cuileann  
port a bíos a feiceam̃ leis  
blianta a bí fonn orm é clois  
Ansan éíos i Tis̃ Páidí  
Bí sé ann  
Ceoil draoictúil na síde  
A sú istead̃ im̃ croí  
A cur m'annam i suí  
lean óice iontad̃ ceoil  
Flead̃ Páidí

oo Páirí Ó Sé



## A Simple Session

You'll have a cup of tea  
Mark said as I passed  
Down the road  
Simple talk, greetings  
We knew each other  
But not well  
Then over a cuppa we chatted  
Talk of meditation  
Talk of Wales  
Simple tales of two lives  
Then a few poems  
Two poets sharing  
A simple life

## Siúil mo Bótar

Siúil mo bótar ar an oileán  
Siúil an cosán i dtreo an neamh  
Siúil mo bótar ar an oileán  
'S mise i dtéanna leat

Teis amac ar bar an fáille  
Teis amac is feadaint ar  
Teis amac ar bar an fáille  
'S cífíð tú an dún

Ós do comhair beid radairc alainn  
Ós do comhair an baidín beas  
Ós do comhair beid radairc alainn  
An farraise i sciúin

Siúil mo bótar ar an oileán  
Teis amac ar bar an fáille  
Ós do comhair beid radairc alainn  
A feadaint ar an neamh

Amhrán ó Naomh Ciarán

## ṪAR Ceann Sléibhe

Amác ó ṡCionn Ṫrá aṡois  
An bóṪAR lán le ṪraṪṪ  
An fARRAṡe ciúin ṡan púṪa ṡaoiṪ  
Ṫíos ṡo Cuimín Eoil le haṡaiḃ ṡnám  
Na Ṫonṡa laidir a briseaḃ  
Paistí a ṡaire leo  
Uisce ṡo breá beo

Ṫuas aṡan ṡo Ceann Dún Mór  
Ṫine a lasaḃ dom ṡuí  
A feaṪaṡṪ amác aṡn Oileán Mór  
Ṫíos ṡo Ṫiṡ KRUGERS  
CaṡṪ deoṪ is caidereíl  
Ṫeallaṡ óṡ ceantaṪAR a maṡaḃ iad féin  
CaṡṪ faoi veist an ṪOR  
ṡeARÁN dos na ṡARDAÍ is iad a ṡáire faoi

Óice ciúin is mé im aṡnaṪ  
Ṫuile imiṪe aṡois  
Scamall Ṫuas ṡan spéir  
A ṪaṡṪ dom Ṫróí  
A bṡuilliḃ na síde

## Food from Heaven

The beauty of truth  
Is that it never hides it's face  
There is no shame  
Nothing is left to chance  
It gives us a feeling of certainty  
A little bliss felt in the heart  
A soft glow of reality  
A nurturing impulse of life  
A blessed gift to the soul

## Oileán DRAOÍ

Ćíos don caillead moć eirí  
Ćar bár aill cosán airđ  
Easla faoi a leađad uaim  
Fanaćt leis an mbád

Cleactad miúin i lár an ciúin  
Ćíos faoi bun na cloća  
Teaćt na ndaoine ćíos an cosán  
Tuairiseoirí don lá  
Ślaoć orm a bfuil tú réiđ  
Fear a buaileas ar i śCeann Trá  
Na bac le ticéad a dađairt sé  
Ćar liom amac don oileán

Amac ansan ar bár an farraiśe  
Amac ó cé Dún Ćaoín  
Turas śairiđ aimsir breá  
Mé a fillead do oileán m'anam

Níos mó na troća blian dom śaol  
Ó suileas siar an bóćar ślas  
Śaoić śo laidir śéidead isteać  
Is cuimin liom óiće draoićtiúil

## Teallaiḡ na ḡCuairc

Tráchnoná doibeanh amác óh bpub  
Dean uasal á suí á léamh an nuachtán  
Babóḡ san caráiste faoi focán  
Cosnaíomar comrá  
Isteac amác beaḡán ḡiob ḡeab  
Á fear fillte ar ais le babóḡ níos lú  
As lúḡ á b́ an fear  
As loḡ ḡorman an teallaiḡ  
Caint á sú eadrainn  
Caint breá  
lá breá  
Cairedeas na ḡCléire

# My Island

I'm back again  
A little bit older  
Much more travelled  
But I'm back  
What a story I have to tell you  
I've been trying to get here  
For quiet a while  
I had hoped to bring the book with me  
But I'll have to do, I embody the book  
An island that likes books  
Three very famous came from here  
One I listened to, gave me back your language  
Now as I walk your hills  
You fill me with grammar  
You fill me with knowledge  
You fill me with the desire  
To be me

## Davos Silence

At Davos you said what you said  
The papers were full of comments  
The usual mumbled jumbled grumble  
There is no proper commentary anymore  
The fourth estate is both deaf and dumb  
Articulating ideas designed to sell advertising  
No-one noticed the reverend mother from Denmark  
Oh! you will do as your told  
I'm the president of the European Union  
I pointed my finger at the uTube box  
We got rid of ye once before  
We'll do it again  
Maybe the year after next  
When we'll celebrate the one  
    thousanth anniversary  
That Ireland was last succesfully  
    defended from invasion



## Rabbiting On

The minister appears on the box  
Articulating a position prepared  
By a civil flunky  
Ok! we will find a way to make  
    everyone pay  
For free speech  
Well minister you should know, that  
Freedom of speech is guaranteed  
Under our constitution  
And may not be curtailed  
More so, freedom of expression  
That freedom is my personal property  
And you want to privatise it  
Give it away to private corporations  
To pay for their mismanagement  
You are supposed to represent  
The people of this nation  
If you can't  
Go away and get yourself a  
    proper job

## Ταῖςδε Δεῖμιν

Δ'εἰρις μέ ἀσ ἀη αἶρμ  
λε φονη ὀρμ αἰρεῖμαιοῦτ ἀ λεινιῦντ  
ἅδ' αὖτ' ὁμ' ἐροί ἐ  
ἀ βῆντ σπραιοί ἀσ  
ἀς ἰμῖρτ λῖμ' ἡεοῖν  
ἔσθ' αἰὸς ἀ δέσποτ' ταῖςδε  
φαοί αἰρεῖμαιοῦτ ἀ ἔρ' ἰ β'εῖδ'μ  
ἡυαῖσεατ ἀη ἡιολλατ  
ἅδ' αὖτ' ἐ ἰ β'φορβ'ατ αἰρεῖμαιοῦτ' φ'ισις  
Δ'εἰριὸς μαρ σῆνεολαί κοῖμαιοῦτ'α  
ἄβ'αρ σπ'εῖσιῦλ, ἄβ'αρ μῖν, ἄβ'αρ ἡρῖν  
Δ'εἰς σέ μῖ ἐς κυρεῖδ' ὁμ  
λεινιῦντ ἡο δ'τ'ί κ'εῖμ ἡῖος αἰρδε  
ἡί ἀη β'ελλατ αὖτ' σῖν' κ'ῖς ἰς φ'αῖρσῖν  
β'ελλατ ἡο δ'εῖμιν ἰστῖς ἡο ἡεοῖν  
    ἡα φ'ατ'ατ ἀ ἐλ'ηαῖς ροῖμῖς  
Οἴς' αἡμῖν ἐλ'ατ'α ρυδ' δ'ραοῖῦλ ὁμ  
ἡί κ'λ'αρ ριὸμαιοῦτ' ἀ ρῖτ'  
ἀς ἡς ἡί ὀρμ' φ'εῖτ'εαῖν' νοῖμεατ αἡμῖν  
    δ'ος ἡα τ'ορ'εαί  
ἡί σῖαδ' ἀ τ'εατ' αἡατ' ἡο μ'αλλ  
νοῖμεατ ἡν δῖαδ' νοῖμεατ  
Δ'φ'αῖσ' ἀη ἀρ' φ'εαδ' υαῖρ  
ἀ φ'εατ'αῖντ ἀρ' ἡα τ'ορ'εαί  
Δ'εἰς τ'αμ'αλλ' βῖος ἡν ἀη  
ἡα ἡυῖμ'ρεατ'α ἀ φ'εατ'αῖντ  
ἡμ' ἡεοῖν ροῖμ' ρέ  
βῖος ἰστῖς ἰ λ'αρ' τ'αῖβ'σεαῖοῦτ'  
    ἀη ἡεαλλ' ριὸμαιοῦτ'α  
ἅδ' ἰοντατ' ἀη ἡοτ'ύ ἡμ' ἐροί φαοί  
ἐλ'ατ'α ρυδ' εἰλε φ'ρεῖσῖν  
βῖος ἀς ὀβ'αρ ἡο δῖαη ἀρ' ἄβ'αρ δ'εατ'αρ  
ἀρ' φ'εαδ' σέ μῖ ἡί ρ'αβ'αs ἡν ἀη  
    ἀον' φορβ'ατ'  
ἀησ'αη ἐλ'ῖνῖς ἐ ὁμ  
    ἀη β'εατ'ατ' ἀβ' φ'εαρ' ἀ ἐσθ'αῖντ  
κυαρ' β'ότ'αρ ἐαρ ἀη δ'εατ'ατ'ε  
σ'αῖς'εας σ'ολας ἀ ἐλ'ατ'α ἡμ' ἡεοῖν  
λεῖς ἐλ'ῖνῖς ἀη σ'οῖλ'εῖρεατ'ε, ἡο ρ'αῖβ'  
    αὖτ'ε σ'αη ρ'εαδ'  
κ'ρυτ'αῖτ'ε ἀς ἡαοῖς  
Δ'αῖτ'νῖς μέ μεον' Δέ  
    τ'ρῖ ταῖςδε δ'εῖμιν ε'ολαῖοῦτ'α  
ἅδ' ἰοντατ' ἡα λ'ετ'αητ'α σῖν  
φ'ρεῖσῖν βῖος ἀ ἡυῖνεαδ'

Cúrsa le haghaidh macleinn  
 inealltóireacht is eolaíocht  
 Maslam uimríocht, fisic, is  
 aireamhaíocht  
 D'aicníos go raib locht mór san scorás  
 oideachais  
 D'éis níos mó na cúig blian déas  
 Ní raib na macleinn in ann  
 A meoin a usáid, ac i dtreo ann díreac  
 Bíodar meirgeac  
 San féidireacht comartaí nua a glacadh  
 Bí easla orcu saisc a déanamh  
 nac raib i sceart  
 Ac níl don cirt ann  
 Níl don mícirt  
 Níl ac féidireacht  
 Macaire na huile féidireachtaí  
 Sin atá a stiúir an cruinne  
 Sin atá mar rí don réad  
 Ó sin a tashann léiríocht easníocta  
 Freisin is tabtacht na bfoail  
 A usáidtear chun ceapanna a coinnib  
 Níl don rud nua sa saol  
 Tá sac ní coradh de freamh éigin  
 Freamh saois na cruinne  
 Blian bios a leam leabhar iontaac  
 Faoi líneoireacht ó taob deis den intinn  
 D'aimsigh mé nasc idir ríocht diultac  
 Is  
 Easpa cirt san mod uimríocta  
 Ba ar an nasc sin an leact ab fearr uaim  
 Čainiř é om croid fėin čainiř é om anam  
 Bí an seomra a biomar ann lán le ciúin  
 Močaios surb sin an slí eolas a lasadh  
 i croid daltaí  
 Ní hé le sac rud a cur leo go díreac  
 Čaičřidmuid dúil a cur leo  
 a dtreo fėin a glacadh  
 Ar an cosán ar ais  
 go dtí mo seomra fėin  
 Bí ainseal a damhsa ar deis m'intinn  
 A siúil čart bear an coláiste  
 Čainiř diabail istič orm clé  
 Bí troid eacartu  
 Níor buaidh ceann dóib,  
 níor šortaiodh iad  
 Ac dob sin freamh an beallac a čogas  
 ina diađ

AR AIS IM OIFIS BÍ SÉ SOILÉIR DOMSA  
 SO RAIÐ AN OIDEACÁIS Á TEIPEAD NA SCOILEARAÍ  
 Ó BUN SO BARR  
 BÍ LOCT ANN  
 NÍ RAIÐ AN FREASRA A SAM ANSAN  
 AC ÉAINIÐ É LIOM TAR ÉIS AN TÓIR A LEANIÚINT  
 ISTIÐ IM CROÍ TÁ FOINSE FEASA  
 TOBAR NA HAILLISE  
 ÁIT TEIBÍ, TAIBSÍ, DRAOICTÍ  
 CONAS TREOIR A ÉOSAINTE DO DAOINE  
     ÓIGE SIN A AIMSÍÚ ID FÉIN  
 SIN AN ÉIST A BIOS Á PLÉ  
 CUIREAS DEIREAD LIOM CAISDE  
 A SUS DÉIRIÐ MÉ AS AN OLLSGOIL  
 NÍ RABADAR RÉIÐ ÉIST LIOM  
 BÍ NA MACLEINN AC NÍ RAIÐ AN FOIREANN  
 AR DEIREAD ÉIAR ÉALL CAIÇFIÐ MUID SO LÉIR  
     ÁR MBEALLAC FÉIN A GLACAD  
 TAMUID I ÁR AONAR SA SAOL  
 LEN ÁR DREAÉT FÉIN  
 LEN ÁR MOCHÚ FÉIN  
 LEN ÁR SMAOINTÍ FÉIN  
 SIN AN DOMAN PEARSANTA  
 FREISIN TÁ DOMAN EILE  
 DOMAN UILIOC A FÉIDTIR LINN ROINNT  
 A SUS IS CUN SLÍ SIN A FÁIL A CUAS  
 FUAIREAS AN CÉAD EOCHAR D'SIN SAN CAISC  
 FÍOS MÍN D'ÉIS FÍSEAN A FEACAINTE  
 EOLAÍ A ÉAINTE FAOI AN TEORIC IS DEIRINÍ SA BÍFISIC  
 AN COMHGAOL IDIR NA COMARCAÍ TEIBÍ A USÁIDTEAR CUN  
 MEOIN AN CRUÇAÓIR A TUISCINT  
 A SUS NA DAIÇEAD CÁIL DÚTSGAOIS  
 CAITINNEAS MAR A DEIRIM ANOIS  
 LEANN AN TÓIR SIN FÍCE BLIAN  
 A SUS SCÉAL ÍONTAC É  
 IOMRÁIN ZEAL SO CROILÁR EOLAS  
     TRÍ SAÍOCT  
 SAÍOCT NA VEIDÍ AS AN INÐ  
 SAÍOCT NA HEOLAÍ NUA-AIMSEARCA  
 'S SAÍOCT ÁR NDÚCAIS FÉIN  
 LEANNFAIÐ MÉ LEIS D'ÉIS MO DINÉAR  
 CAIÇFIÐ MÉ GREIM BIA A CUR IM BOLG  
 'S SIÚIL BEAS DOM COS

## Ταΐδε ι 5Cαϊτεαννας

Roimis dom ealú as an ollscoil  
Aḡus mo bealaḡ féin a ḡlacað  
Ḳarla cúpla íontaḡ speisiúil  
San ollscoil bí duine de  
    na comarsan bí aḡam  
As an ḡreacan ḡis ó dúcas  
Ḍabairt sé liom bʹféidir  
    blian ḡo leiḡ roim mé ealú  
ḡo raibʹ féidireacḡt an  
Mise dul ḡo ḡcí cruinniú éisin eolaí  
Aḡus ḡo ḡeobaíḡ mé deontas ón ḡcolláiste roime  
Ḳuas ar an ríomhaire aḡ lorgʹ faisnéis  
Aḡus fuaireas amac ḡo raibʹ  
Cruinniú eolaí le beic san Eilbéis  
    i riḡ an samraḡ a bí le teacḡt  
Ḍob é cúrsa samraḡ i ḡcomair  
Eolaí fisice comaireamaíocḡa é  
Ḳuas ḡo ḡcí lausanne aḡus ansan  
    suas na sléibte ḡo ḡcí tearmann  
Bí eolaí as cuile áit san Eorpaḡ  
Aḡus beirt as na Stataí Aontaiḡe  
Bí an spóir aḡainn á plé i riḡ an lae  
San oíce bí an spóirt aḡainn  
    a déanam caint  
    le cabair ó bʹfionn Dé  
Buailas le dream as an  
    ísealcír, on príom cabair  
D'éirimuid an cairdiúil  
Freisin bí fear iontaḡ ón bʹfionlann  
Ḍabairt sé ḡur léiḡ sé na nuacḡtáin ḡac lá  
Bí sé aḡ obair i áit an teibí san bʹfisc  
Aḡus ḡur tabacḡt ḡan é féin a caillead an  
Is breá cuimheadʹ faoid  
lá amáin i riḡ caife bíos i ḡcomrá  
    le eolaí ón Ḍainmeaḡs  
Saineolaí aimsearḡa ab é  
I riḡ ár ḡcomrá ḡabairt sé liom  
    ḡo raibʹ fonn aḡe anord a cloisint  
leanamar ar aḡaiḡ leis ár ḡcomrá  
Óice eile bíos amac ar ḡcúl  
    an foirḡheadʹ a caint  
    le dream eile  
Ḳoshaíos a caint faoin acran i ár ḡcír  
    aḡus ḡo raibʹ muid a lorgʹ  
    cabair é a reiciú

Dob í bean as Sasanna an t-aon duine  
 a cuis cad bí á rá ašam  
 Ní raib suim as na daoine eile Eorpac faoi  
 Agus níl suim acu fós ann  
 Ar mo slí abaille d'fanas  
 óice amháin i Lausanne  
 Fuaireas lóistín don óice i oclann beas  
 Agus cuas amac do béill ó Meicico  
 Béille iontaac a cur spraoí im croí  
 D'filleas ar ais dom lóistín  
 agus rinneas iarraac dul a colað  
 Bí m'intinn lán le smaointí  
 Bí é spreasca d'éis an cruinniú  
 Cosnaíos a scríob agus  
 i rič an óice  
 scríos dá céad leacnac  
 i leabharann a bí ašam  
 Nuair a cáiniš mé ar ais go Corcaiš  
 cuireas an leabharann i scófra im oifis  
 Bí é ann ar fead trí mhí  
 Lá bíos a suí as an mbórd  
 Agus caic mé an leabharann istis  
 san bosca truailleac bí ašam  
 Dabairc mé liom féin go raib  
 an méid smaointí ansin  
 nac mbeid mé in ann  
 iad a cur i scríc  
 Da mbéad  
 saol míle blian ašam.

Tá mé taréis an-caint le Meadb Danríon na sConnac agus bí sí a cur ceist orm  
 faoi na níce a bíos a scríob faoi i rič an lae. Tá sé as eirí beasán dorcað anois cun  
 beic scríob dá brí caicfid mé brisead anseo agus leaniúint arís le solas an lae.

Roim sin nuair a caic mé an leabharann uaim, cáiniš féilecáin im croí agus cuimneas  
 ar dúil an eolaí ón Dainmearš agus bí mór cuiscint ašam faoi. Ba sin slí cun leiriú a  
 déanam ar ríoc iolcomas, na cričir acur le céille i bfuaim amháin. Dabairc mé liom  
 féin surb sin treo nua cun caisde 's forbairc a déanam mar níor rabas sasta beic  
 páirteac san caisde a bí a déanam ašam. Bí baint aise le fórsaí mileata na Stáití  
 Aontaicte agus ceapas go mbriseann obar mar sin neodrac ar dtír.

leanfaid mé ar ašaid leis mo scéal níos deanaí.

I rič an blian in a diað earla ruð eile suimiúil dom. Sin lá amháin bíos á déanam leac  
 ar ruð éigin dos na micléinn eolaí is inealltóirí, dearas ciorcail an clárdub le cailc  
 bán, cuireas ponc díreac in a lár agus le sin cualas orn scúl, suč éigin, 'you know  
 notin.' Ceapas ar dtús surb duine de na micléinn a dabairc é ac ní raib dreac  
 sáireac ar éinne. Dob mé féin a bí a caint liom féin é. D'aicniš mé an firreanas. Ní

raib mé ac as imirt an cleas a bí á déanamh as sacl duine san scóras. As léam rud i leabhair, a cur faoi bráid é dos na daltaí, iad a scrí síos é ina leabaireann agus a scrí ar ais é sna teastas. Bíomar go léir seallta. Chaill mé go léir creideamh san oideachais agus beartaigh mé eirí as. Bí orm slí a d'fáil cun mo taighde féin a déanamh agus i riú sáoire na Cásca cuas síos cun Scoil Mhuire i Iarthar Corcaí cun roinnt scríobhneoireacht a déanamh ar mo smaointí faoi usáid fuaimeanna san eolaíocht cun leiriú gluaiseacht a aimsiú. Bí sé an-léir dom go raib meoin an eolaí an tabaacht mar caiteadh é beic oillte i slí nua. Cuas síos go dtí Scoil Mhuire mar ba breá liom ainm an lóistín, sin i mBéarla, *The Standing Stone*. Do éiomáin páidrisín síos mé agus cur an bean a tí failtiú romam. Cur sí ceist orm cad ina taob a raib mé ann. D'freaigar mé surb cun roinnt scríobhneoireacht a déanamh. 'An scríobhneoir tú.' a dábairt sí liom. 'Ní hea,' arsa mise, 'is eolaí mé.' Ba sin tosú cinn de na cairreadas is tabaictaí im saol.

Táim le briseadh eile a éogaint mar táim i bpub tár éis cúpla agus ní breá liom scríob d'éis portar. Tá sé in am beagán Siob Seab a déanamh.

I riú an seachtain sin bí morán comrá aham le Mair agus ba é sin an suimiúil faoi ná níor cuig mé as an am cén facl go raib an méid eolas aici faoi fisic nua-aimseartha. Bí sí in ann caint liom faoi na h-abar a bíos a déanamh staidéir iontú. Arn Deirdean den seachtaine dábairt sí liom go mbreá léi fisean a taispeant dom le eolaí fisice ón staití aontaithe. D'éis an fisean cuig mé surb múinteoir corás miúin í. Ar an aoine cuas ar siúil ear sliab gabriel á plé liom féin an eolas a bfuair mé ó Mair. Ar deireadh ear call dábairt mé liom féin surb é an firreanas is mó sa cruinne nó an breas is mó sa cruinne agus go scaitfid mé fáil amac cé hé. Síos ón slíab dábairt mé le Mair surb maic liom an corás miúin a foclam, ac nac raib mo dochan airgead aham. Dábairt sí nac raib aon faidb le sin agus go mbeuimid in ann sin a reictiú níos deanaí. Dúirt sí go raib céimeanna san mód muineadh, sin caint beas ar dtús, in a diaid sin má raib mé sasta leaniúint leis, an muineadh féin agus d'éis trí lá caint beas eile cun a fáil amac go raib mé sasta le cleactadh an miúin. Rinne sí an céad caint ar an Saearn, ní cuimean mé é ac bíos lán sasta leaniúint. Cuas suas cun an sráid baile le hasaídh torcaí is blacla a fáil i scoimar an muineadh. Ar maidin Domhac na Cáisc miúin Mair cleactadh a miúin dom díreac as haon a clog san maidin is muid a feácaint amac fuinneos a tís amac go Oileáin Cléire. Cuas istead díreac iomam féin agus ba an soiléir dom surb fíos an speisiúil é. Cúpla lá indiad scríos dán léi. Tá sé caillte anois ac ar deireadh de bí na línte

On opening the door I stepped through infinity  
You showed me that first step

Bain sí móran sult as mar dábairt sí liom go raib a dearcar ina file freisin. D'fahas i Scoil Mhuire ar feadh cúpla lá eile, ansan d'filleas ar ais don caear cun cuairt a tabairt dom mácar a bí san oispedeal. Bí an caint afainn faoi morán rudaí agus d'inis mé léi go raib mé tar éis miúin a foclam. Ansan cuais mé ar ais go Scoil Mhuire le cúpla lá eile. I riú dá mí ina diaid bíos suas agus síos aon seans a raib aham. Bí morán caint á déanamh aham le Searlas, fear céille Mair, agus bí an scéalta aise faoi a obair mar oifeasac faisnéasac i airm na Breatainn i riú an dara coead domhanda. Ba é an duine a rinne nasc idir Ho Chi Min agus na Francacl,

ašus bÍ an brón air faoi cad a čarla in a điađ. BÍ mé céad faoin šcÉad šo raib mé cun an ollšoil a řašáil san Méan řomair ac ní raib aon post řaište ašam fós. řuaires cuiread blian eile řanačt ann ac ní raib siad an airšead a bi coillteanač do a íoc. Diúltaiš mé an cuiread.

Roimis an Méan řomair bÍ seans íontač eile ašam téiř níos deimne isteač san foinse eolas ó na hInd. řuaires litir ó Mair le řaisnéis faoi cruinniú eolaí le beič i Maastricht san isealtír a raib saineolaí i Aireamáočt Veideač is Aireamáočt Nua-aimsearčta le beič ann. Beartas dul ann ašus řuaires deontas ón coláiste cun é a déanam. Roim sin buaileas le Cíarán Breacnač carad le Mair a bÍ á cleactađ mídeamain řreisín. řabairt sé liom šo raib carad aige san isealtír ó Éire a bÍ ann řađ téarmač ašus ba céart liom buail leis má raib seans ašam. Lá roim an cruinniú ceart buaileas isteač an bóčar šo đcí Vllodrop an áit a raib mar ceannceačrú do řluaiseačt an córas miđeamain. řuaires iompar ó fear i řluaisteáin ašus bÍ sé dom ceistiú an raib mé a obar san ceannceačrú. řabairt mé nač raib mé, ac ar cuairt ó Éireann. řuaileas le Máirtín ašus bÍ seans ašainne siúleoíd tríd an šortán ašus caint breá. řuair mé amac šo raib sé obar lán téarmač ann.

An lá d'ár điađ čosnaiš an cruinniú i šceart ašus ba íontač na đaoine a bÍ a čaint is a éist. řuaileas le fear as an Ind, carad le Máirtín a bÍ cun cuaram a čabairt dom, má raib aon céist ašam. řreisín bÍ seans ašam lón a níthe le Ollam Comaireamáočta ó ollšoil sna Stáití Aontaiče a bÍ a cleactađ miđeamain mar cuiđ den córas oideácsais. BÍ beirt cainteoir ón řearmáin a bÍ an suimiúil. řabairt mé liom řéin nač raib me cinnte cad é a raib acu, ac šo raib mé cinnte šo mbreá liom é a řáil. Ar mo turas abaile bÍ seans ašam buail arís le na eolaí ó ollšoil na hAmsterdam a buaileas leo sna hÉilbéis. bÍ an caint ašainne ašus bÍ spéis acu im taišde le hašaiđ řuaim a usáid cun tomais eolaíóčta a čuiscint i slí eile. ř'filleas a ais ašus rinne mé ullumú cun an coláiste a řašáil. Ní raib mé ró šásta leis sin a déanam mar ba sin an céad uair le naoi blían déas nač raib obar ašam ó d'řašas mo teallaiš cun dul isteač san airm.

Čá mé cun briseađ arís mar čá mo carabat annseo cun mé a čošaint isteač šo Sciobairín.

Istiř anois im coláiste eolais táim cun leaniúint le mo scéal. BÍ é beařán deačar an céad blian a bÍos řan post san coláiste. leanas lem taišde ar conas řuaim a usáid san eolaíóčt. BÍ é léir dom oš řcaičfiđ dearcađ nua a cručú san cóisearačt, dearcađ řluaiseačt. BÍ an carad a bÍ san ollšoil ašus đeineamar roinnt maič comrá faoi. Ansan i rič an Samrađ in điađ řuaires seans beič mar taišdeoir cúairtíóčta i roinn đifriúil san coláiste. Rinne mé taišde ar conas řuaim d'usáid cun tuisceannač nua a čručú i řfísic cémeideac. leanas leis an taišde sin i rič an řeimreáđ ašus an blían ina điađ bÍ cruinniú saineolaí comaireamáočta le beič san coláiste. řuaires cabair ón řcoláiste taišde san córas ríomaireácsa Mathematica. BÍos a caint faoi usáid a baint as řuaim cun dearcađ nua a cruču ar tollánú cémeideac. Čarla an cruinniú sin i rič am nuair a bÍos a rič don řáil don céad uair. Čuir leas uačtaráin morán řáiltiú orm romam roim tošú. Ba sin an č-am ab deireannaí a čur řáilte orm san coláiste. Níos lú san blian rinneas cúrsa eile san miúin cun ard móđ a řořlam. BÍ sin i řřađ níos deimne. BÍ é slí an ciúin istiř a



gluaiseadh agus forbairt oillteanas cumactaíocht na cruinne. Ba íontach an cúrsa sin. Nuair a bhíodh éall i Sasana don cuid deireadh den cúrsa le haistriú eitleán véideach. Conaí mé dá leabhair ar uimhriocht a bhí á usáid i scoil náisiúnta san Ind. Pushpmala I agus Pushpmala III a bhí scríobtha ag an Doctúir Narinder Puree as Ollscoil Roorkee . Rud nua le cur isteach im mál. Freisin le roinnt bliain do léigearas gach leabhar a bhí scríobtha faoi teoiric agus cleactaíocht mídeamhain agus an saol a bhí idir eolaíocht véideach agus eolaíocht nua-aimseartha.



DRÍAN SIOIRRISE MÁIRTÍN AONGAOISE FÍORAILEASA CÚROÍ LAOCHROÍDE

MOŠ ROČ RÁMAČ

Ollamh ÉALAĐA DÚCAIS

Ollamh ÉALAĐA DÚCAIREAMAÍOČT DOČALTA

Ollamh ÉALAĐA EASRÚ FÍCÉILLE

Ollamh ÉALAĐA NEAMAČAIS

Ceannasaí DREAM na nDÚTOILREAČTA

Ceannaire LAOČRA DÚCAIS EOLAIS na hEREND

ÁRD STIÚRČÓIR IONAD ŠLÁINIÚ FORMOLA

PRÍOMH ÓIDE DÁMSGOIL NEAMAČAIS na hEREND

RÍ SUAIĐ na bFAIĐ

DRAOÍ AN tAON-FLAIČ

RÍ na hEREND